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My Lady Hypocrisy.

RICHARD ROE.

WITH seeming warmth she meets you at the door
Outstretching eagerly a ready hand,
While in her eyes a beaming smile and bland
Confirms the welcome proffered o'er and o'er
In gracious words—for she hath many score
Of honeyed phrases ever at command—
Until perforce you feel your heart expand,
Nor fear its cherished secrets to outpour.

And then? My Lady hies her swift away
To corners where her sister-vultures throng,
Foregathering to raven down their prey,—
Fair fames they tear with savage beaks and strong:
To shreds your reputation they will rend,
Led on by Dame Hypocrisy, your "friend."

Sayonarola—Priest and Patriot.*

EDWARD F. O'FLYNN, '07.



ENTHRONED in the heart of Italy's garden land lies the beautiful city of Florence. Behind her, raising their massive shoulders into Italian clouds, stand the lordly Apennines; before her, stretching away into the distant purple, spreads Italy's loveliest valley; within her, stately edifices and magnificent form a great forest of stone and marble, and down from the vine-clad hills and through it all and out into the peaceful valley flows the crystal Arno.

To tell the story of Florence is to tell of her beauty, her glory, her art and her men. But it is of her men we would speak; great,

gallant men, who living consecrated their lives to the uplifting of humanity, and dying left their impress on history that all might read. Of such was Girolamo Savonarola.

Born in the middle of the fifteenth century he came into a world submerged in the pagan renaissance. For centuries over Europe a spirit of carelessness and epicurean indifference had swept. Roman misrule and oppression had given it birth; then came the destruction of the old world bringing with it the ravage of Hun and Avar. For a thousand years man was sunk in gloom and sadness. Vainly he tried to blind himself to existing conditions; vainly he cried out in stoical resignation: "Let us forget!" But it was ever the same—oppression, corruption, impotency. At last the great dawn rolled back the darkness and he awoke. America was discovered; manufacturing and industry sprang up; commerce and trade received new impetus; science stole from its laboratory with new experiments, and literature and art, imbibing the spirit, burst forth to tell the grand story. Surely it was Europe's Augustan Age, and looking on, man marveled at the change. New ideas flooded the world; the great vista of self-advancement and opportunity spread out before him; its golden treasures, its joys, its happinesses, all urged him on. Life took on a new aspect, and from the stoical he rushed to the opposite extreme. He threw down the battle-axe and quitted the dismal fortress. Ease, comfort, and luxury in new palaces supplanted the soldier life in sombre castles, and there in grandeur he gave himself up to Plato, indolence, and pleasure. Amidst all this neo-paganism, this prosperity and orientalism, it was but his nature that he turned from God. In Italy was this especially true. Like a Cæsar or a Pericles

* Winning paper delivered in the Contest for the Breen Oratorical Medal on Dec. 7, 1905.

ruled Lorenzo at Florence, and like them too, did he, whom men called the magnificent, pervert his people and buy their liberty through pompous show. Frivolity and dissipation ruled. Corruption in high places had an evil effect on society, and the profligacy extended to the lower classes. Immorality and sensuousness marked the Carnival. At length prolonged dissipation and ribaldry worked its effect. Well had Lorenzo learned from Tacitus that to enslave the people was first to corrupt them. But all the time the show went on, though Florence groaned and rotted beneath it.

Into this Athens, worn from fasts and tears and vigils, came the monk, Savonarola—a John at the court of Herod. Even as a child, the sight of sin and vice had sickened him. On entering manhood he turned his back to the world and sought contentment in the cloister. Fasts and mortifications filled his days. But not in his new life was he to find peace. Cruelty, treachery, and assassination, the offspring of sin, spread over Italy, whilst within that Church where he sought refuge he was shocked to behold the relaxation in morals and the scandals in ecclesiastical life. Great indeed was the sorrow of this devoted son as in vividness he perceived the evils that were to come in consequence of many sins. And oh! the terror of it all, as he beheld the evil spirit like a horrible vampire that had spread its great wings over the prostrate form of the Church and slowly sucked its life's blood from it. How his indignation arose, how his proud Italian blood rebelled, and in anguish he cried out: "O God O Lady, give me that I may break those spreading wings, that I may slay this monster, that I may lift up and restore your beloved Church,"—thus his life's purpose. Day by day he besought God in his cell to give him strength to carry out his ideals, until at length his prayer was heard.

The great Duomo was thronged with penitents, and Florence turned from her crime and revelry to listen to him who preached of Christ. Hundreds came at midnight and waited patiently for the opening of the doors. Men of all classes flocked to hear him. There was something magnetic in the frail, delicate body as it arose in the pulpit and thundered out against sin. What

man could resist him whose eyes burned with the zeal that fired his soul, whose earnestness convulsed his whole frame, whose threats were dreadful, whose appeals were awful. His influence on the people was powerful, and Florence arose from her shame. Instead of the old pagan songs hymns to the Creator arose; men and women abandoned lives of sin; the churches were filled, and the city took on a new appearance. So much did Savonarola do for morality in Florence. Never flinching, never abandoning his purpose, he worked harder each day. His was a grand ideal. At night when he retired to his cell he prayed God to help him carry it out. At morning when he arose in the pulpit he exhorted his people to lead new and better lives. By degrees his popularity grew and as the mist cleared away, in fancy he saw Jesus of Nazareth enthroned over a city cleansed and purified. Then the vision became a reality, and the people took up the cry that told of life and love and liberty. Up from the valley it came and striking the hills echoed back again; into the heart of Florence it penetrated and stirred men who cried out in joyful exultation, "Live Christ our King!"

And now was the hour of triumph, and to crown it all political circumstances aided him. Lorenzo died leaving the reins of government in the hands of Piero. This prince further outraged the republican form of government and alienated his subjects. Florence was terrified to hear of the approach of the French king whose expedition, runs Gibbon, "changed the face of Europe." Piero fled leaving the city in a state of anarchy. Through the streets men roamed casting jealous eyes on palaces built from extorted taxes. A spirit of lawlessness pervaded everywhere and Florence, was on the threshold of a bloody riot, when suddenly the great bell in the Duomo pealed out calling all to prayer, and rising, Savonarola, the man of the hour, quelled his people's fears and sent them away peaceful citizens.

Thus did he enter political life. Historians have criticised him for it; but when we consider the circumstances we must admit there was no alternative—only one man could have saved Florence, and he was Savonarola.

So now we see him in a new rôle, that of the statesman. Nor was he a mere moralist and theorizer: "Do you citizens," he said, "wish to be free? Then above all love God, love your neighbor, love each other, love the common good." And what a grand code that was which resulted in the reduction of taxes, the improvement of justice, the returns of money unrighteously acquired, and the abolition of usury. Into the hearts of the Florentines he instilled a love for true liberty, a love for a just, well-ordered government, the basic principle of which was the temporal and spiritual welfare of all.

He was no faction politician, no street demagogue, no moral agitator, but a cool, clear-minded statesman, who by his breath called a people back to life and set up a government that has been the admiration of sages. His ideal was grand, and for two years at least Christ ruled in Florence.

But it is characteristic of history that men must work and sweat and bleed and then fall victims to the cause they uphold. And so with the savior of Florence. Men were ever fickle, and the Florentines were no more constant than the rabble that, fifteen centuries before, had slaughtered the Lamb on Calvary. It is not a mark but an effect of greatness that great men have enemies. Unconsciously they make them, and so with Savonarola. In Rome the adherents of the Medici succeeded in stirring up a quarrel between him and the Pope. This resulted in excommunication. Though he denied the validity of Alexander VI., still he never failed to recognize the authority of the Church, and so when excommunicated abstained from preaching and retired to St. Mark's. Nor was his fall due to papal anger so much as to the fickleness of the Florentines. When he no longer moved among them reassuring and counseling them, when conspirators arose and determined to have his blood, when silence meant suspicion and suspicion meant guilt, then did the crowds turn against him and there arose the accusation heard once before—"This man blasphemes." "A miracle, an ordeal," cried they, and when none were forthcoming their anger rose to hatred, and fire and malice filled their hearts. In that moment of passion the prayers and work of a lifetime were shattered. Enemies rose up on

all sides, and only death could appease.

For days his frail body was torn on the rack, for weeks he was tortured. In vain did his tormentors curse and burn in an attempt to wring from him a confession of guilt. And when all had failed, and the frantic mob grew restless and cried out for its victim, then was he condemned to be hanged and burned. As he ascended the ladder he paused and looked down on the multitude, and what a look it was: so full of pity yet strength, of reproach yet resignation—the last fond look of a dying man on those whom he loved. Down there in that surging sea of jeering faces were those whom all the night he had watched like a tender mother in sickness, to whom he had whispered God's eternal pardon in the confessional, for whom he had prayed and pleaded and wept, and now all was forgotten in the madness of the moment. So his body was burned and his ashes thrown into the Arno, and Savonarola, priest and patriot, was dead—convicted of heresy. Convicted and why? Was it for heresy? No; but for political purposes alone. Intriguers saw that the only hope to restore the Medici was to secure the fall of the friar. Accordingly, with a ban of excommunication as a starting point, they evolved a scheme that stands unequaled in history. In its diabolical and unprecedented rottenness not even the corrupt mock court that tried the sainted Joan of Arc can stand as a parallel. Forcibly torn from St. Mark's by a lawless mob, scorched on the rack and pulley till his mind wandered and his body writhed in excruciating pain, to the last he maintained his innocence. And when fire and torture failed, the foul Ceccone was brought in to record the prisoner's answers and so distort them as to incriminate him. Not even truth was given the accused man.

Looking back we stand in horror at the dreadfulness of it all, and wonder where is there justice; for that court was a mock court, whose every proceeding was a breach of law, an insult to truth. Where is there justice when blackened cowards and unscrupulous men render judgment by fraud, and sanction it by religion? We are amazed at the thought, and wonder how a people consented; but those were times when allegiance belonged to him in power, and the Florentines were only as the rest of men.

There is and can be only one reason for his death, and that is, because he was an obstacle in the path of the ambitious Medici. It was not for heresy that he died; not once did the Church pronounce him an heretic. Tell me, you who read history, you who love truth, was it heresy in childhood to kneel at God's altar and leave it damped with tears? was it heresy to give up a career so full of promise and joy and glory to lead a mortified life in a cloister? was it heresy to gather up the instruments of sin and satan, and piling them into a great pyramid, fire them that the smoke ascending might proclaim the perishableness of things, the vanity and nothingness of sinful pleasures? was it heresy to establish a kingdom of God on earth, and destroy the false reign of the usurper? Was all this heresy, I ask you, you who know the facts and love the truth; and yet they were his only sins. Oh, he was no heretic, but a martyr who died because he believed in a mighty principle, because he struggled for freedom and purity and justice against innumerable odds, because the world loved vice and sin and he despised them, because his ideal was too heavenly, his life and love too Christ-like.

Though he died like his God in shame and ignominy, yet not in vain had he lived. For blood and tears and stainless lives must bear their fruit, and there's a place for high ideals and noble aims. No life is lost, no purpose gone that shadows Calvary's cross on struggling men. It is enough to have lived and given the world an ideal; it is enough to have held the torch and lighted the way; it is more than enough while living to show men how to live and dying teach them how to die—so his claim to glory, to your admiration. For I would have you draw the curtain back and let the resplendent light of martyrdom break through the darkness of mediævalism, and there, above calumny and prejudice and controversy, behold, wrapt in glory, the grandest, the purest, and the noblest of fifteenth-century heroes.

Four hundred years have passed since he moved among men. Famine and feud have ravaged Italy; strifes and bloody wars have shorn her of old-time glory, but along the Arno where he trod in sorrow

and sadness there is peace. The solemn Apennines watch over the sleeping city, and the stars, like burning sapphires, keep eternal vigil; but down in the depths of marble and stone, down near the spot where he met his death, a grateful people have erected a noble statue. The frail form tells of fasts and mortification, while suffering and care have left their marks on furrowed cheeks and forehead. The compressed lips evidence a mighty firmness and an indomitable will; but in the dark gray eyes gleaming from under heavy brows there is written the tragedy of a life, spent like Another's "in doing good," and sacrificed like His because he had loved too much.

A Voice from the Tomb.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

John Ramsey had been carried along by a gale of prosperity from the cradle to the grave. Wherever he went there went hand in hand with him sunshine and happiness, peace and contentment; and though black as the starless night that hung over old Alabama, he was lord of the whitest and best cotton plantation she held within her bosom, having at his command not less than one hundred and fifty men. Ramsey, who was of a cheerful disposition, was loved and respected by all the hired men except one, Samuel Jones, a late ventriloquist. Jones had formerly belonged to a travelling troop, but having indulged too freely in drink, which made him feel over jolly on the evenings he was to perform, he was discharged and came to Alabama to earn a living. The only place he was able to find employment was on Ramsey's cotton plantation, where he received less pay and was compelled to work harder than formerly. He had often asked Ramsey to increase his wages, but each time he was refused in a good-natured way which seemed to irritate him greatly. Now he could stand it no longer and swore to revenge the injustice done him. Many were the plans Jones thought over and worked out in his mind while he picked the fluffy cotton in the burning sun; but his hopes were never to

be realized, for long before he had settled on any definite plan Ramsey was suddenly carried away by heart disease and all hope of revenge was at an end.

Grief filled the town of Mobile, Alabama, and the name of the master was whispered softly by the black folk as they walked home from the fields. Even Samuel grieved, grieved that he had not taken revenge on his master before death put all chance beyond his reach.

It was a Friday morning in the year 1893 that the long procession of mourners accompanied the "cotton-lord" to his last resting-place. All were silent as they walked along the dusty road to the graveyard. Now and then the kingfisher gurgled in the marsh below the road, and the hot breath of the iron weeds swept over the long funeral line. When the procession reached the cemetery, the preacher spoke a few consoling words, a psalm was recited and the body slowly lowered into the grave by the pall-bearers; but before it was half-way down a voice was heard from within the box:

"Confound you! Let me down easy."

The people were terrified, the pall-bearers dropped the coffin, and all fled from the cemetery except Jones, who, thinking he saw a devil, broke open the box and mutilated the corpse. When the excited crowd had cooled down a little, the widow of Ramsey offered a large sum to the one who would return to the grave and cover the body, but all the good black men shook at the knees and refused. Even the parson who had so often talked of conquering the devil was now afraid of him. Then Samuel Jones stepped up bravely, took the widow's money and covered the corpse which has never been looked at since.

To-day the grave of Ramsey is nothing but a hollow grown over with weeds, and many a mother, as she sits with her child in the moonlight, tells the story of the "cotton-lord" and how the brave man Jones filled in his master's grave. Then all is silent, and the bird of ill omen cries from the wind-tossed reeds that adorn the sleeper's grave. The cry is indistinct, very indistinct, but far down the valley the echo is clearly heard, "Ventriloquist, ventriloquist!"

Varsity Verse.

THE VIOLET.

I SAW the moonlight in her eyes
The tear drop on her cheek,
I looked upon her loveliness
Abashed,—I did not speak.

'Tis past the hour of moonlight now,
The dewdrop long is dried,
And withered is the violet
That blossomed at my side.

T. E. B.

THE CRESCENT MOON.

Alone on a shoreless sea
A phantom ship she glides;
In her wake a single star,
A silver anchor rides.

W. J. D.

PULL.

When a cork is in a bottle
Pull it out;
When a door won't open in
Pull it out.

If you're weighted down with sand
And in your pocket feel a hand,
Don't yell to beat the band;
Pull it out.

When a fish is on your hook
Pull it out;
When your hand is in the pie
Pull it out.

When an old tooth aches like—well,
So hard you wouldn't tell,
Even though it makes you yell,
Pull it out.

J. F. S.

TOUGH LUCK.

Blushing and sweet as a queenly rose,
My Emeline 'neath the mistletoe.
Quite accidental I suppose,
She never knew, but then, you know.
My heart's desire! To seize the chance
I softly crept to steal my kiss.
Confound her brother, in short pants,
Behind a chair he murmured "Sis,
Jiggers!"

J. F. S.

A PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

A simple child upon a city street,
Large, boyish eyes, and chubby hands and feet;
With soul as shining as each golden curl,
Where, tell me, masters, is a brighter pearl?

T. E. B.

MAGDALENE.

'Twas love's sweet boon,—her tresses to outspill
Upon the Master's feet;
Who bade the torrent of her grief be still—
Her penitence complete.

T. E. B.

The Martyr of Rouen.

PATRICK M. MALLOY, '07.

There is a Providence ruling the world. Its sceptred sway breaks out occasionally through the parting reefs of man's great darkened sky and moulding out his human destiny leaves the imprint of the extraordinary on history's page. Time's misty shadows, lifting from the vast expanse of decadent centuries, reveal to our unveiled vision fair, desolate France. A proud, fortune-wrecked queen, cloaked in the gorgeous tapestries of resplendent chivalry, bedecked with the deceptive jewels of gallantry, and flowered with the scentless roses of faded knighthood.

With the dominance of English sovereignty unquestioned as a decree of destiny; with an incapable prince straining at the reins of kingly power; with the heart's blood of the people sapped by the reverses of a cruel hundred years' war—France, the sacred heritage of the sainted Louis, the imperial empire of illustrious Charlemagne awaited only its consignment to disgraceful oblivion. That turbulent epoch of crime and iniquity, of infamy and sensuality, the fifteenth century, brought out from its depths of moral debasement a messiah to this despairing people. As we pause now on the threshold of that memorable century, we can see the imprint of God's providence emblazoned on the burning brow of incarnate France; it is written on the determined faces of noble warriors as they rush out to battle, to bleed and to die 'neath the flaunting folds of their leader's sacred emblem; it is written on the heart of that impotent Valois; on the palsied hand of the rebel Burgundy, and the designing Bedford; on the livid faces of a British soldiery. It is above this seething sea of strife, encompassing it all, ever directing in the heated fury of the raging battle, ever tempering the stormy sessions of the council chamber, ever purging the army camp of its sordid debauchery; it is tabernacled in the heart and soul of that simple peasant girl, that undaunted soldier, that sainted martyr, Joan of Arc,—the Maid of Orleans.

Domremy, quietly sleeping in the Province

of Lorraine has the unique distinction of being the home and birthplace of this prodigious marvel of profane history. From one end of the village great pasture lands, perfumed with the breath of wild flowers, swept out in all its beauteous raiment to the listless, limpid waters of the Meuse; and from its rear a vast and even table-land that sloping faded in the distance and melted into the purple darkness of the eastern hills. While out from and beyond all this tinted picture of calm serenity, out there in all its fabled mysteries, in all its depth and density and gloom stood that sleepless sentinel—the great oak forest.

The Vesper bells chiming out their messages of love and comfort were to Joan of Arc the sweetest of sweet symphonies. She loved the boundless stretches of flower-plained pasture lands, broadening out about her, for they were God's. The dewdrop, sparkling jewel-like in the morning sun, told her only of His matchless beauty, and the silent watchers of the night, those eternal stars looking down upon her quiet slumbers, told her only of His illimitable immensity. Thus it was that the simple shepherdess passed her novitiate in virgin spotlessness and Christlike simplicity. Here closeted with her heavenly voices in the quietness of her garden she received her divine commission. Here she stood day after day, sun-clothed in the awful splendor of God's immortal light, her soul throbbing in reverent ecstasy, and her eyes looking up into the realms of the Eternal. From a doubting child she was transformed into the untiring agent of Providence; for with her "voices" repeated visits came a deep-seated conviction of her duty and her destiny, and with conviction came that soul-inspired resolution that was to burn within her noble heart, to carry her through joy and sorrow, through blood and battle, through victory and defeat, and to be extinguished only with the flame of her own existence, and to smoulder in the gray ashes of her priceless body on that accursed pyre of Rouen.

The curtain of seclusion is drawn back, and out from her abode of simplicity the fragile child steps and joins her fortunes with the fortunes of fallen France in a sin-dyed epoch of iniquity. We bear company with her along that hazardous journey from

Domremy to Orleans; through the jeering masses of scoffing multitudes into the presence of a mocking court and out onto the waiting arena of the glorious battlefield. Behold that undaunted soldier now, surrounded by the tumultuous host of contending armies, mounted on her foaming charger, the light of God's love sparkling in her eyes, and her sacred standard furled out in triumph above the struggling mass beneath. Behold her in the frenzied fury of the contest, now urging on her men to deeds of valor and to glorious victory, now melting into womanly tenderness at the sight of gored blood; now sweeping up the devastated country of the Loire in all her pompous splendor, and bringing joy and hope and comfort to a wretched people. Behold her once again at the impressive coronation of Charles VII., there at the summit of her glory, her prophecy fulfilled, her mission accomplished, her duty done.

If Rheims had been it all, if its joyous festivities had marked the end, mediæval history would have been saved its darkest blot; but the curtain falling on the closing act of her life's drama, rang down upon the scene of scarlet sin that in its bloody awfulness cried out to heaven for eternal vengeance. Compiègne was the turning point in that thorn-briered road, that way that led to Rouen's trial, to Rouen's dungeon and to Rouen's fire. Who can describe the monstrosity of her trial; who can picture those monsters, reeking in the filth of their own moral leprosy, passing judgment on one of the noblest of God's creatures! That court was a mock tribunal, its judges the veriest types of human depravity; and all its pretended sittings, all its unlawful rulings, all its quibbling questions, and its infamous judgment was but a burning lie.

Branded with the stigma of heresy, Joan of Arc emerged from the gloom of her dungeon only to be enshrouded in the shadow of her martyrdom. Out to the pyre, to her Calvary and her doom went the simple maid, girlishly fair and sweet and saintly in her flowing white robes. Abandoned by the church of Rouen, by thankless France, by him she had served so loyally, her slender form pinioned to that cruel stake, her pleading eyes drinking in the lessons of martyrdom from the uplifted image of her

crucified Christ—there on that altar of sin stood the sainted deliverer of France, alone in all the bitterness of her desolation.

The supreme moment arrived. The crackling flames cut up the piney fagots, and in an instant they were swirling in fantastic fiendishness around the helpless body of the innocent child. The smoke shot through with reddened flashes shut out the vision of her pleading face; but out from that seething carnival of angry flames, out from that carnage-caldron of burning flesh, there arose on high the sweet pathetic voice of the dying martyr, borne along on a majestic wave of sound and pitched in the pathos of eloquent prayer. It lifted up above the blackened wreckage of the pyre, above the heads and hearts and souls of the watching multitude, up into the limitless regions of the Infinite, there to sound her immortal vindication in the never-ending echoes of God's eternal hills.

Hushed by the sombre silence of death, overawed by its dark serenity, holding dominion above the charred remnants of that dread tragedy, I stand in spirit among the reverent multitude gazing up at the smoldering ruins of the stake—there until my vision shreds the purple smoke and piercing back through the wasted ages of decadent centuries, above and through the reefs of forgotten times, back to the paling dawn of new-born humanity, and there 'neath the lifting shadows and the light of coming day, I behold the land of Galilee and Him who healed the sick and cured the blind and raised the dead.

O thou sainted martyr, how like the peaceful Galilee was thy own Domremy; how like the pompous splendor of His Palm Sunday was thy triumphal entry into Rheims; how like Iscariot's kissed-betrayal was the foul treachery of De Ligny; how like the bloody scourging, the mock crowning and the bleeding way of the sin-laden cross was thy inhuman torture before Pilate Chuchon and in the darkened dungeon of thy cell. For O thy life, thy way, thy end, and all, bears unto His a striking simile. The pitchy smoke, the flaming fagots and thy writhing body shape out the imaged agony of the bleeding crucifix, and Rouen, tainted Rouen, in her sin is but the shadow of another Calvary.

The Undoing of Casey.

THOMAS A. LEAHEY, '09.

The moon shone softly down upon the back yard of Mike Dugan's dilapidated shanty, revealing the huge and ungainly form of Pat Casey, the "cop" of the river district. "Shlape is the greatest invintion that was iver discovered," murmured Pat to himself as he calmly put an end to the career of a harmless mosquito that had roosted upon the tip of his cherry red nose. "That iver was discovered," he repeated to himself as his eyes closed and his breathing took on the regularity occasioned by healthy slumber. If Pat's voice was deep and loud, his systematic snoring was even more so. The neighboring cats mounted the top of the fence with wise and solemn looks, as though upon a journey of aid to a brother in distress, but fled again in despair when they saw their dreaded enemy, the "cop." His enormous hand rose with the greatest regularity, acquired only after years of practice, and each time the dead and dying told a terrible tale of the slaughter. Finally, as the moon climbed higher in the sky, even the persistent mosquitoes deserted him for more promising fields, and he slept as a lover and ardent patron of sleep only can. The destructive right hand ceased to move, the snoring, like a slowly departing thunderstorm, rumbled on in ever decreasing cadences, until peace and quiet reigned supreme. The men in the boats upon the river retired to rest, the breezes ceased.

Suddenly Pat's quick ear, for he was a very light sleeper, heard the distant sound of footsteps approaching down the adjoining alley. This was not the first time that he had been aroused from his slumbers, nor was it the first time that he had ever taken refuge in the chicken coop to escape the eagle eye of the watchful sergeant. Yet Pat was certain that upon this occasion it was not Sergeant Rafferty who was approaching, for this person merely said "Darn it," as he stumbled over an old box, and Rafferty had never been guilty of such a moderate expression.

Now Pat was by no means a coward as he himself often said, but preferred being

upon the safe side whenever it was possible. They had told him over in Ireland that he was a brave lad; and he knew that the climate of another country never affected that quality, so he continued to consider himself a model of all that was brave and valiant. The fact that he saw something requiring his immediate attention in the direction of the station house, when a nervy burglar showed him the formidable looking revolver in his belt, was known by no one but Pat himself, who could be trusted not to reveal it. The people paid no attention to the fact that he was always to be found unusually attentive to duty in the southern part of his beat when a burglarly or hold-up was going on in the northern part, or *vice versa*. Neither did Pat in fact, but he always did see that it occurred thus. Nevertheless, he, like every one else, often had golden dreams of the future, and in them generally pictured himself heralded by the newspapers and people as being the noble officer who had bravely risked his life in order to arrest a desperate hold-up man. He pictured himself proudly standing in the court-room, unmoved by the look of wonder and amazement of the praising populace grouped below him, and unshaken by the look of hatred and anger cast upon him by the depraved and maddened criminal. "Perhaps," he thought, "Oi might even be made a sargent, and Captin Casey would not sound bad at all, at all." Still Pat realized that this could not happen until a good opportunity arrived, and furthermore he did not intend being injured in the arrest. That would necessarily destroy the romance of the deed and eventually cause much displeasure to himself.

Now as he sat looking through a knot hole in the door, thus commanding a full view of the approaching man, some unaccountable feeling seemed to warn him that the time for the fulfillment of his dreams had arrived. "What would a stranger be doing at that hour and in such a place?" was the question he asked himself, and as the answer suggested itself he tightened his belt, made sure that his heart was in its normal place, and prepared for action. Already the stranger was quite near. He seemed unfamiliar with the alley as he was continually falling over small boxes, ash-barrels,

etc., and Pat set this down as one of his advantages in case a hasty retreat was necessary. As he stepped out from the shadow of a large drygoods box, Pat gasped and turned pale even to the very tip of his cherry red nose. There stood a short, fat man of about half Pat's weight, carrying in his hand a billy, with his face masked and a large revolver in his belt. As he paused to get his bearings, Pat felt as though his moment of supreme triumph had come at last. He was now through his ability and courage, alone and unaided, to capture a desperate burglar in the very act of committing his dread crime. The man moved on, and Pat emerged from his hiding-place, walking in what he considered a cat-like tread, although in reality it rather resembled that of an elephant. "Now," thought Pat, "Oi will be able to make a good impression upon our new Mayor. Oi have niver seen his honor before, and am shure that my capturing this man will aid me in being advanced." Still he followed after the villain, dodging between barrels and boxes with a dexterity bred of long experience, until they arrived at a rather pleasant looking corner house, in which Pat had heard the new mayor was going to reside.

"Begorra," said Pat, "here's where oi become chief sure, if oi make this capture."

The burglar walked boldly forward, and this fully convinced Pat that the law-breaker was of the worst sort; and that great cunning and presence of mind were necessary to entrap him.

With a firm and easy step, as though it was an every-day occurrence, the burglar mounted the steps and pulled a large bunch of keys from his pocket.

"The villain," said Pat, as he crept near and took a good grip upon his club. Then with a grunt of satisfaction he laid him senseless at his feet, with one well-aimed blow. With an approving, "begorra, that was a peach!" and a look of supreme triumph at the rapidly increasing bump upon the man's cranium, Pat sent in a call for the patrol wagon. In the meantime he sat down upon the prostrate body of the burglar to prepare his story for the reporter and compose the speech which he felt sure the admiring public would demand of him upon the morrow. The night air,

however, revived the victim and he began to murmur some incoherent expressions; but Pat, feeling that discretion was the better part of valor, proceeded to raise another bump upon his head. At last the wagon arrived, and Pat taking the man across his shoulders carried him within. With a grand air of indifference he told his fellow-policeman that he had merely captured a desperado and burglar, upon whose trail he had been during the week previous. When they arrived at the station-house, a large crowd was waiting, and Pat, with the majestic stride of a conquering hero, entered the station, after ordering them to remove the prisoner within.

His report made he left to tell the story of his cunning and bravery to the people gathered outside. After relating his experience over and over again in every conceivable way he rode home in the sergeant's carriage, a privilege never before known to have been given to any policeman. Reaching his destination a messenger came up to him immediately after he had left the carriage and handed him a very official looking note with the new mayor's name signed to it. "Phat will oi be, sargent or captin?" thought Pat. "This is surely a promotion from headquarters."

He opened the note joyously, gazed at it in amazement, and then with a flow of strong and vigorous language which fairly lifted the messenger from the ground, he threw it upon the sidewalk, stamped upon it and went into the nearest saloon to take a "bracer."

The trembling messenger picked up the note, and read: "Your services will no longer be required. By order of the mayor." Poor Pat! Had he known that the mayor had attended the firemen's annual ball and masquerade that evening dressed as a burglar he might have continued to wear his star and uniform of blue; he might have enjoyed his nightly sleeps in Mike Dugan's back yard, and perhaps at present would have been Sergeant or even Captain Casey. As it was he went to work next day in the familiar costume of a hod-carrier.

THE works which we do are mirrors of the soul.—A. E. B.

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Notre Dame, Indiana, January 20, 1906.

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—The half-masting of the university flag from the hour of Dr. Harper's death until after the obsequies was the outward expression of the profound sense of sympathy which all at Notre Dame feel for the University of Chicago in the death of its creator and first president. Dr. Harper was a remarkable man in many ways, for he was an unexcelled teacher as well as an extraordinary organizer and administrator. Those who knew him best declare positively that his taste ran to scholarship rather than to administration, and that nothing except a strong sense of duty could have enabled him to desert the lecture room for the office. But his fine enthusiasm for higher learning had charmed from Mr. Rockefeller the material assistance necessary for the creation of the University of Chicago, and it was incumbent upon him to make the necessary sacrifice in organizing faculties and equipping the school. With characteristic modesty he did this vast work, and has left behind him lasting fame, and, what is better still, the affectionate remembrance of all with whom his work ever brought him into contact. The loss of Dr. Harper is a severe one, not only to the University of Chicago, but to the whole world of scholarship.

—There is a tempest in the teapot at Washington. The Republican representatives in Congress have split into two factions. The introduction of the Philippine tariff scheme and the joint statehood bill, both of which are pet measures of Roosevelt's, was the most recent occasion for a furious denunciation of the President's policy by the insurgents, and an equally spirited defense by the regulars. This sudden ebullition in the ranks of the majority has brought joy to the hearts of the unwary minority members, for in it they see a chance to grasp the ruling reins. The shrewd ones among the Democrats in the Lower House, however, are not likely to overlook the fact that factionists are not slow to unite again when a common enemy threatens. There is many a black cloud that does not precede a tempest.

—One of the weaknesses of the average American is a hobby for patent medicines, and the readiness with which he indulges in these reputed elixirs of life is both ludicrous and pathetic. One of the best and certainly the most absurd examples of fraud in this line was recently furnished by the "Force of Life and Chemical Company" of New York. This company has for the last two or three years maintained elaborate offices on Broadway, and at the time of its investigation a week ago had no less than one million patients. The company claimed to have the exclusive agency for a wonderful compound called lecithin discovered by a Dr. William Wallace Hadley.

This liquid compound was claimed as the essence of life, and the absence of it in the human system was the cause of death. With a surplus of this mysterious compound in the system one might well defy the ravages of time and the inexorable laws of nature. Not satisfied with these modest claims, the promoters of lecithin added to its power that of raising the dead. It was a circular setting forth the latter claim which first attracted the attention of the authorities. As one understands, the desire for life is keener than man's natural distrust of his fellows; and it seems, moreover, that the more stupendous the fraud the more numerous the victims, provided the doubtful fact is announced in a solemn manner.

What's in the Name.

A Year Book coming into existence at a university must, even as a child coming into the world, be given a name. The Notre Dame Year Book has been christened THE DOME. The appropriateness of this title, the editors believe, will be seen at once, as it must call to the mind of every student, past and present, the distinctive feature of their *Alma Mater*, the chief and crown of the many beauties of Notre Dame. There is something spacious about the title, too. It suggests a broad outlook on the part of the editors as well as lofty purpose, and to the student body it should indicate there is room in the book for all. "The Dome," we believe, adequately represents the character of a work that is to be representative of all Notre Dame.

Whitney Brothers Concert.

Last Wednesday afternoon from 4:30 to 6:00 p. m. the students were most agreeably entertained by the Whitney Brothers Company. Good singing there was, and plenty of it. Furthermore, it was of the class that especially appeals to a college audience, a little seriousness to enable them to rest up between laughs, and then the kind of catchy, humorous thing that, figuratively speaking, brings down the house. The harmony and tone coloring of the singers was beyond criticism, if for no other reason than that their auditors were too well pleased to be disposed to criticise. But far and above all offerings in the vocal line looms the recitative efforts of the second tenor. It may be uncharitable to the others, but it is only fair to say that his performance eclipsed that of his three comrades in whose triumphs he also had his share. And then to cap his side-splitting selections and his uproarious mimicries with the serious little bit of reflective verse was as delicate a piece of finesse as has ever been witnessed in a lyceum performance at Notre Dame. Hearty applause was the tribute of the students to the Whitney Quartet, and a hearty welcome at any old time is their assurance to-day and for the future.

Book Reviews.

MARY THE QUEEN. By a Religious of the Holy Child Jesus.

This is an interesting little volume containing the story of Our Lady's life from her birth to her Assumption into heaven. It can not help being acceptable to all who wish to see Mary better known and loved. The chapters describing Mary's early life, the marriage feast at Cana, and the Way of the Cross, are especially well written. The author's pleasing style, the clever treatment of the subject, the numerous and excellent illustrations, all combine in making "Mary the Queen" interesting and attractive. Benziger Brothers. 45 cents.

—"Wayward Winifred," by Anna T. Sadlier, is the story of a little girl who with an old granny, an old schoolmaster, and two children lived in a ruined castle. Her mother is dead, and her father, somewhere in America, has not been heard from for many years. A strange woman from America takes a liking to the girl and offers to have her educated in a convent school across the water. Niall, the schoolmaster, must give his consent, and finally does after extorting from the woman a promise that Winifred should not be allowed to see her father, nor he to know of her presence in that country.

The story opens in Ireland at the Glen of the Dargle, shifts to New York, and returns to Ireland, where father and child are united. The interest is sustained throughout. From the moment the Lady from America becomes the friend of Wayward Winifred, during the trip across the ocean and while that Lady was endeavoring to keep Winifred unknown to her father because of her promise to Niall until both are united in the Glen of the Dargle, one is loath to lay down the book. Benziger Brothers. \$1.25.

—"The Juvenile Round Table" (third series) is a collection of clever short stories by well-known Catholic writers, including Anna T. Sadlier, Mary T. Waggaman and Mary Ames Taggart. The mere mention of these names assures us of the excellence of this volume. "Pippo," "The Saving of Black Dick Wallace" and "When Pirates Sailed the Sea," are worthy of special mention. Benzigers. \$1.25.

Athletic Notes.

Before the holidays mass meetings were held in the respective halls and classes for the purpose of submitting "ideas" on our athletic system. The same resulted in papers being drawn up by the class presidents and confirmed by the student body, to be submitted to the faculty board of control. We were in need of many changes in our athletic system, and the very best means available have been taken in securing the changes which will soon be inaugurated.

Every one in the school came in for his share on the "idea question;" the faculty board has heard all sides of the question, and as a result have already granted some of the asked-for changes and will in all probability soon act upon all of the so-called amendments, the result to be made known to the student body in the SCHOLASTIC. The new system will undoubtedly put Notre Dame in her proper place among the leading schools of the country in the athletic line. And now it is up to the student body to make the change a success. Many new rules will soon go into effect, and the result depends upon each individual student.

The fact that we are to have games played in South Bend, attended by the student body, is something which has been heretofore unknown at Notre Dame. It has long been asked for, and now that it has been granted it rests with the students to make it a failure or a grand success.

Two or more games are to be scheduled with large colleges or universities. It has been recommended and approved that these games of baseball and football shall be scheduled in accordance with our strength; these games, three of baseball and at least two of football, shall be attended by the students who are placed on their honor. Any infringement of the college rules shall be tried by a committee selected from the senior class and members of the senior halls and that penalty shall be imposed by the Faculty.

The failure or success of our new system depends not only in this one case on the students, but the same is true of nearly all the proposed changes. We have, or rather will have, nearly all we have asked for as

a student body, and now let each man take it upon himself to insure success in our new system.

Questions as to the coaching system are being considered, with everything pointing to our adopting the system of hiring professional service and doing away with the graduate system.

The care and training of the men both at home and abroad are being considered; the accommodations for men on trips, Pullman service, etc., are to be more in favor of the athlete henceforth.

Both dual and triangular track meets are to be arranged each year to be held in the gymnasium. The inter-hall spirit is to be revived in accordance with the boom that is certain to come in all other branches. Mass meetings are to be arranged for the purpose of learning yells, etc., to arouse enthusiasm and college spirit as it should be.

The men known as "scrubs," who are really the very backbone of a football team, are being considered, and in all likelihood games will be arranged for them, emblems of some kind given them, and some other way of rewarding them will surely come, for they are the "next year men," the men who must be relied upon to take the places of those who have graduated.

All the changes that may aid our athletics are being considered, from the smallest to the highest, and all will tend to produce the desired effect of putting Notre Dame where she should be. After the board has approved or disapproved of the amendments asked a complete account will be published.

* *

The "Gym" will be ready to accommodate "all future greats" in the baseball world on Monday, January 22.

Capt. McNerny will have charge of the men at present and later will be aided by a professional coach who will put in his appearance in the near future. We lost a few good men last year, but good men are always lost and always replaced.

* *

Our prospects this year are brighter than the past one, for our team last season was made up of new men. And those men who were new last year have now had one year of experience and will prove to be much

better men in the games this season. The men who are still in school and who made the team last year are: Captain McNerny who needs no introduction; Waldorf and O'Gorman, pitchers; Sheehan and Cooke, catchers; Perce, outfielder and pitcher; Stopper, first base, and Shea, short stop. There is always room for good men, so if you have any baseball ability report to Capt. McNerny Monday at three o'clock.

* *

Our prospects in track are at present not the brightest, but it is hoped that our track athletics will come up with the rest.

In Keffe we have a good fast half-miler who should be better this year than ever before. Scales should make a good man in the high hurdles. O'Shea in the quarter and the half has proven to be possessed of a great amount of speed and endurance and will with Keffe do better than before. And considering that Keffe has done a half in better than 2:02, and O'Shea in quarter under :53 these men are fit to compete in almost any company in the West.

It is not fully decided regarding Draper's eligibility for the winter meets, at least he needs no introduction, for, like Captain McNerny in baseball, "Bill" has been so long a part of Notre Dame's athletics that his name is a byword for capable track performances. Training will begin early in February.

R. L. B.

Personals.

—In a letter recently received by the Publishing Committee of the class of 1906, the Rev. Alphonsus E. S. Otis, S. J., says: "I have learned with great pleasure of your intention to issue a Year Book of my well-beloved *Alma Mater*. All success to your most praiseworthy efforts in so good a cause."

—Mr. Frank N. Jewett has been appointed district manager of the Wagner Electrical Manufacturing Co. with offices at 1623 Marquette Building, Chicago. Mr. Jewett's district includes the states of Minnesota, Wisconsin, eastern Iowa, northern Illinois and Indiana, and western Michigan.

—The announcement made in the press of the arrival of Dr. Morrissey from Rome

in company with the Very Reverend Superior General of Holy Cross has given pleasure to all at the University, where for so many years Dr. Morrissey was the leading spirit. The news despatches promise us a visit from him, and in case his important duties permit the fulfillment of this promise, he will receive a rousing welcome from faculty and students. It is a pleasure to know that his health has been greatly improved by his stay abroad.

—It is one of the happy privileges of an old student to return once more for a visit to his *Alma Mater*, and one of the pleasures of his old friends to welcome him. No better proof of this was needed than the recent visit of Dr. Patrick McHugh Walker of St. Thomas, North Dakota. It is just thirteen years since Dr. Walker left Notre Dame to enter Toronto Scientific School, and later McGill University at Montreal, from which latter place he received his medical degree. After a post-graduate course in Edinburg he returned to his home in St. Thomas there to engage in his profession. Since then Dr. Walker has been consistently developing his practice, and with it his manhood. He has transformed innate ability into acquired stability. Meanwhile too he has been happily married, so there is little that can be wished him in the way of worldly benefits, though whatever there be the SCHOLASTIC joins with his friends in wishing him for the future.

—Visitors' Registry:—Mrs E. P. Anderson, Utica, Ill.; W. D. Hamilton, Columbus, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Emerson, Worcester, Mass.; Miss Margaret M. Walkins, Edwin F. Clark; Charles E. Mann, F. F. Matthews, Miss Maude G. Black, Chicago; Miss Ella Blancheim, Wm. L. Blancheim, Michigan City, Ind.; Miss Emily Knott, E. F. Shaw, Era D. Happ, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Emerson, Miss Hazel Porie, Miss Fay E. Jones, Miss Rosa E. Zeigler, South Bend, Ind.; Clarence M. Crouse, Mt. Morris, Ill.; Miss Bernice Paige, Paw Paw, Mich.; Rev. M. M. Gleason, Gibson City, Mich.; James Murray, Alton, Ill.; Miss Hortensia Ohlson, Miss Jennie Rudgren, Elgin, Ill.; Miss Eva M. Grolling, Veedersburg, Indiana; Mrs. B. F. Springer, Trinidad, Colo.; Mrs. Kate Geary, Miss Dorothy Colling, Miss Katherine Seys, Oil City, Pa.; Miss Anna Garvey, Mendota, Ill.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

ANCIENT LIGHTS CASE.

Philip G. Harrison, of South Bend, St. Joseph County, Indiana, owns valuable ground overlooking the St. Joseph River in the city aforesaid. Forty years ago he purchased it from Timothy B. Thompson of the same place. Thompson retained three lots between the land sold to Harrison and the river. They slope toward the river, the second and third lots descending somewhat abruptly toward it. This conformation of the ground naturally led Harrison to suppose that it would never be used for building purposes. Hence when constructing his residence he arranged his parlors, sitting-rooms, library, windows, etc., on the river side of the house, so as to command a picturesque view and receive the first light of the morning sun. For thirty-five years he has lived on the place, and until about three months ago nothing was done or said by Thompson to disturb him in the peaceful possession of the premises. At that time Thompson sent a large force of men and teams to fill the adjoining lots to the regular grade, as indicated by the city survey. Then he built a large tenement house hardly a foot east of the dividing line, and thereby effectually destroyed Harrison's view of the river, cut off his light, darkened his windows, rendered the parlors and rooms on the east side of the house uncomfortable and unfit for the purposes for which they were originally laid out, made it necessary to build a high fence to prevent the tenants from inquisitively looking into them, and in divers other respects caused great annoyance and injury to the said Harrison. His property is consequently not near as desirable and valuable as it was. Real estate dealers tell him that it has been injured to the extent of \$3000. He protested repeatedly against the erection of the Thompson tenement, and even threatened suit, but all to no purpose. His protests seemed to have the effect only of hastening on the work, so probably that it might be done before he could have time to sue out an injunction. He now asks that damages, which Thompson has declined to pay, may be awarded to him. He demands \$3000. How

much, if any part of it, can he recover?

J. HOYNES.—In dealing with this case it will be advisable to refer to the British rule on the subject of ancient lights as well as to that generally followed in our own country. By the former a proscriptive right or easement would exist in favor of the plaintiff under the circumstances stated. More specifically, the British courts would recognize this right to have the light come unobstructedly to the windows and doors facing the river on the east side of his house, as described in the evidence, inasmuch as for a period of more than 20 years, under the statute of limitations, he had been undisturbed in the adverse possession of that right. And it might arise by implication without respect to the time or duration of its enjoyment if it should appear that the original owner had sold the house and lot to the plaintiff without words of restriction or qualification and retained the adjacent ground.—*Renshaw v. Beau*, 18 Q. B.-131; *Burke v. Richardson*, 4 B. and Adol.-579; *Leech v. Schweder*, L. R.-9 Eq.-463; *Hall v. Lund*, 1 H. and C.-676.

The British common law was in force in the colonies prior to the Revolutionary War, and afterward it was adopted and followed so far as not inconsistent with the nature of our government and free institutions. The British rule on the subject under consideration was then formally recognized in judicial decisions and became the law in several States.—*Robeson v. Maxwell*, 2 N. J. Eq.-57; *Roy v. Lines*, 10 Ala.-63; *Gerber v. Grabel*, 16 Ill.-217; *Dicrel v. Boisblanc*, 1 La. Ann.-407.

As time passed, however, it was found that the rule was unsuited to conditions here. It proved to be incompatible with the nature of our fee simple title to land, as well as with the policy of the law in connection with the growth of cities and the development of the country. Hence the courts began more than half a century ago to question, distinguish and qualify it. The great majority of them, especially in the newer states, declined to give it their sanction. In short, it was repudiated by them. According to the prevailing doctrine no such easement as the plaintiff claims can be

acquired by prescription. If he wanted an uninterrupted view of the river, with ample light and air for his premises, he should have purchased the adjoining property, or a sufficient portion of it to obviate the injury of which he now complains; or he might have entered into an express covenant with the seller providing against the erection of any building within a given number of feet of the boundary line; or he might himself have built far enough away from the boundary line of his own lot to assure himself of ample space for light and air. He can not reasonably expect to prevent his neighbor from exercising the full rights of ownership over the adjoining property simply by improving his own in any particular way. He built as fancy dictated upon his own ground, and he has no legal cause of complaint if his neighbor chooses to do the same on the adjoining land.—*Keiper v. Klein*, 51 Ind.-316; *Stein v. Hanck*, 56 Ind.-65; *Parker v. Foote*, 19 Wend.-309; *Hubbard v. Town*, 33 Vt.-295; *Mullin v. Stricker*, 19 Ohio St.-135; *Pierre v. Fernold*, 26 Me.-436; *Jones v. Jenkins*, 34 Md.-1; *Story v. Odin*, 12 Mass.-157; *Powell v. Sims*, 5 W. Va.-1; *Marble Co. v. Knickerbocker*, 103 Cal.-111; *Robinson v. Claff*, 65 Conn.-365; *Keating v. Springer*, 146 Ill.-481; *Baker v. Willard*, 171 Mass.-220; *Landall v. Hamilton*, 177 Va. St.-23. Many additional authorities might be cited in support of this view, but it would be supererogatory to mention others. The defendant's demurrer is sustained.

Card of Sympathy.

Whereas in His infinite mercy God has seen fit to call to Himself the sister of our friend, Stephen Herr, we, the undersigned, in behalf of Carroll Hall desire to extend to the bereaved family our sincere sympathy.

Leo F. Garrity
Richard B. Wilson
Paul Barsaloux
Edward Moonei
John Fox.

* *

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

Whereas God in His wisdom has seen fit to deprive us of one who was endeared to

us by past associations and by his many manly qualities; and

Whereas, we deeply lament the loss of a beloved companion, and deplore the sad ending of a promising career, be it

Resolved, that we, the undersigned, on behalf of the students of St. Joseph's Hall, extend our sincere sympathy to the bereaved family of Claude A. Bagby; and, moreover, be it

Resolved that these resolutions be printed in the SCHOLASTIC and that a copy of same be sent to the sorrowing parents of deceased.

Richard R. Barry
Louis A. Mangan
Henry L. Papin
Joseph Whalen—Committee.

Notice to Parents.

In many cases there seems to be a misunderstanding as to the seasons when bulletins are forwarded from the University to parents of students. The SCHOLASTIC is therefore requested to announce that in accordance with instructions in the catalogue of the University, reports are forwarded every two months only, and not twice a month.

Local Items.

—Mr. McFarland of the Senior class has been busy during the past week soliciting subscriptions for "The Dome." He is meeting with great success, and the interest which the students are showing in the Year Book augurs well for its success.

—The "Vandalia Kid" was recently honored in his native town. During the Christmas holidays he was chosen member of a committee of three to decide upon the winner in a piano contest, the instrument being offered by the *Mail*, Vandalia's leading weekly.

—In both preliminary and public contests, young debaters are advised always to write out, memorize and rehearse their speeches. To do otherwise is surely to invite defeat. Just as a young preacher is told to memorize his sermons for the first ten years of his priestly career, so should the youthful debater get by heart the words in which he is to present his arguments. Those who win

public debates invariably follow this plan.

—The log-cabin is almost finished. The logs, which have been made smooth on the outer and inner sides, are wedged together at the ends. The space between the logs has been filled with clay. The length of the cabin is about forty-five feet; its width twenty-five, and the height of the walls twelve feet. There are two small windows on both sides and a door in front. The roof is of clapboards. An old darky is superintending the building of the cabin, and he says he will make it look like "the real old-fashioned log-cabins."

—Last Wednesday evening the preliminary contest for the forthcoming Brownson-St. Joe debate was held in St. Joseph's Hall. The question was: "Resolved, That all nations should disarm and depend upon arbitration for the settlement of disputes." T. B. Cosgrove, S. F. Riordan and P. M. Malloy acted as judges. That the members had worked hard was evident from the strong speeches delivered by all. The decision of the judges was as follows: F. Collier, 1st; F. Cull and W. P. Galligan, tied for 2d place; and W. Schmidt received 3d place, which makes him alternate.

—The St. Joseph Literary and Debating Society has added another laurel to its already lustrous crown in the success of Mr. Edward F. O'Flynn in the recent oratorical contest. Mr. O'Flynn was a student in St. Joseph's Hall for two years, and it was in the society of that Hall that he learned to speak with such facility and grace. The winner of second place in the same contest, Mr. Patrick M. Malloy, was a former president of the St. Joseph Society. The fine showing these two ex-St. Joe students have made proves better than anything else can that to achieve success as a public speaker the aspirant must practise long and thoroughly. The students of St. Joseph's Hall deserve unstinted praise for the pre-eminence they have attained both in oratory and debating.

—As to the Brownson Debating Society, the general opinion of its members is that "it's a good thing." The fifty students in the society, besides displaying an admirable hall spirit, realize the immense advantages they will derive from active membership in such an organization. Many a distinguished statesman owed his celebrity to the fact of his having been in youth a member of a debating society. Our lamented president, William McKinley, when a boy, at school in Poland, Ohio, was the moving spirit in organizing a debating society of which he was chosen president. Here he gave evidence of possessing a remarkable talent for talking, which, by careful and ceaseless development, made him in manhood a

fluent and convincing speaker. President McKinley's motto as a boy was: "Do the best you can;" and his acting up to that motto was the secret of his successful career.

—The debate between Notre Dame and the Philomathean Society of the University of Iowa has been cancelled by the latter. However, a debate has been arranged between Iowa State University and Notre Dame. The question will be: "Resolved, That a commission be given authority to fix railroad rates." This will also be the question in the debate with De Pauw. The latter will choose, as soon as is convenient, the side which they will uphold. Iowa will defend the opposite side of the question; so we shall have two teams this year, each supporting a different side. Reading material on the question which is to be debated will be placed in the library as soon as possible. The first preliminary will take place about February 15. Owing to the large number of candidates there will be either eight or nine preliminaries this year. The question is a live one. President Roosevelt has made "railroad rates" one of the most important issues in his last message to Congress. There is little advantage on either side of the question, and an opportunity presents itself for a thorough unravelling of the subject.

—Last Monday was the eighteenth anniversary of the canonization of John Berchmans, S. J., and was made by the altar boys an auspicious occasion for holding the first meeting of their sodality in the current year. New members were admitted, others were reinstated, and the following officers were elected for the second semester: Shick and Weber, 1st and 2d. Lectors; H. and A. Baca, Librarians; Division A, Berteling and Keefe; Division B, J. and G. Comerford; Division C, Peurring and C. Smith. The rest of the session was spent in edifying instruction well spiced with a number of stories pertaining to acolytes. Arrangements were begun for a grand annual reception which the sodality will hold on a future festival. At one of the last meetings, Dec. 6, Santa Claus answered the roll-call, and made himself conspicuous by his liberality. On the same day a document was read signed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Alerding, who gives his official approbation of the St. John Berchmans' Sodality, and testifies his support by favoring it with many special privileges. The members of the society wish also to thank the Rev. J. J. Wynne, S. J., for his encouraging letter and the splendid gift of one hundred pamphlets dealing briefly with everything of interest about the altar boys' patron. The next sodality meeting will be of particular interest, since one of the co-operating priests has promised to make it such.